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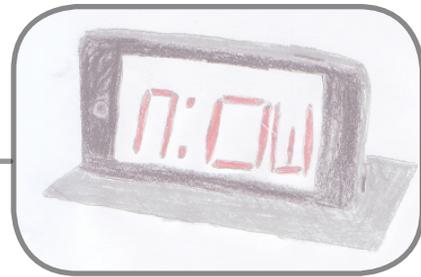


Orthogenique

yesterday



today

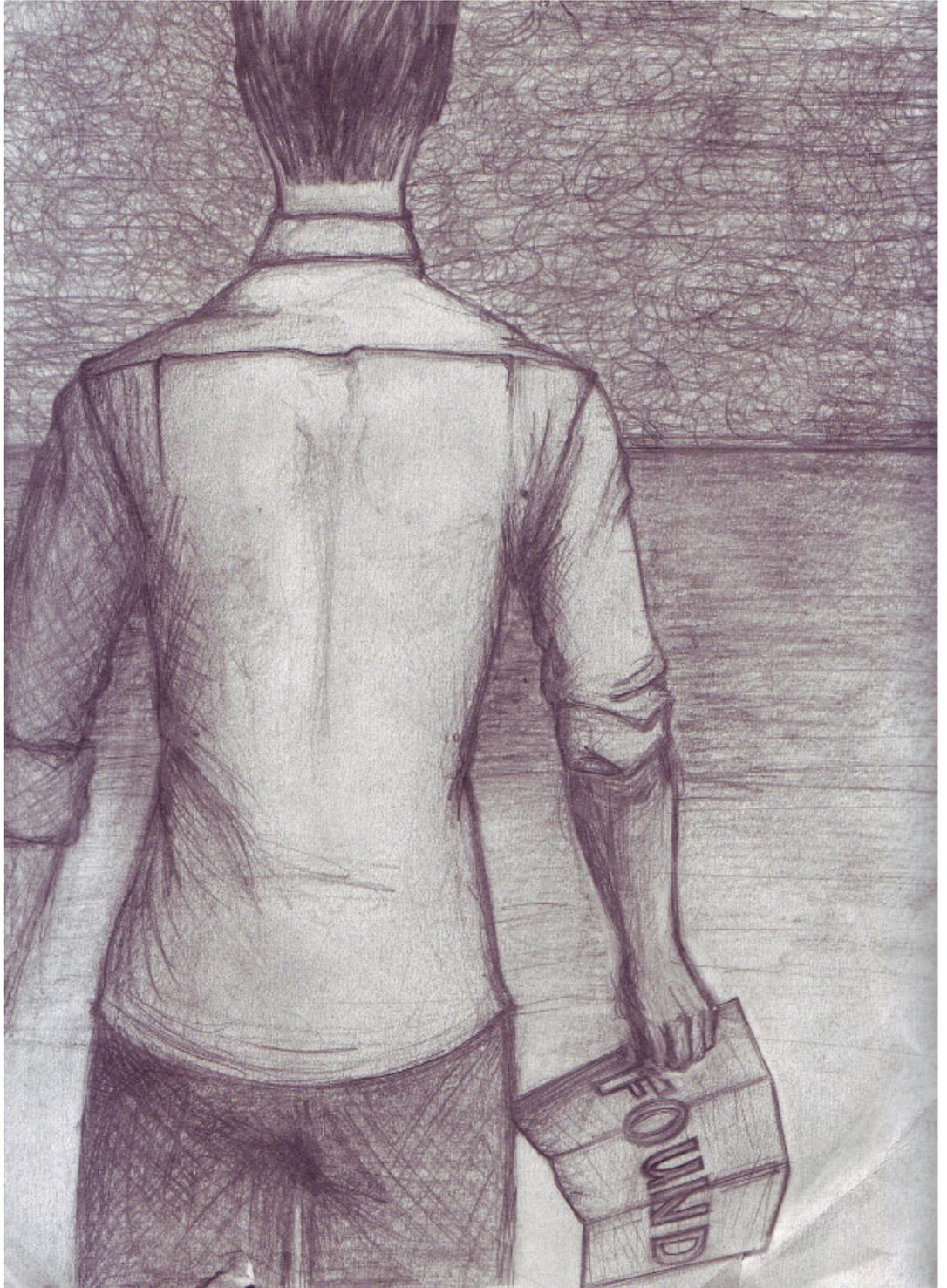


tomorrow



VAGABOND

Poem by Carson



Pencil Drawing by Jihan

L O S T

I wandered. Aimlessly.
I searched for someone to show me they cared.
Someone I could trust.
Someone who would understand.

I was lost.
I didn't know what to do. Where to go.
Hell, I didn't even know who I was.

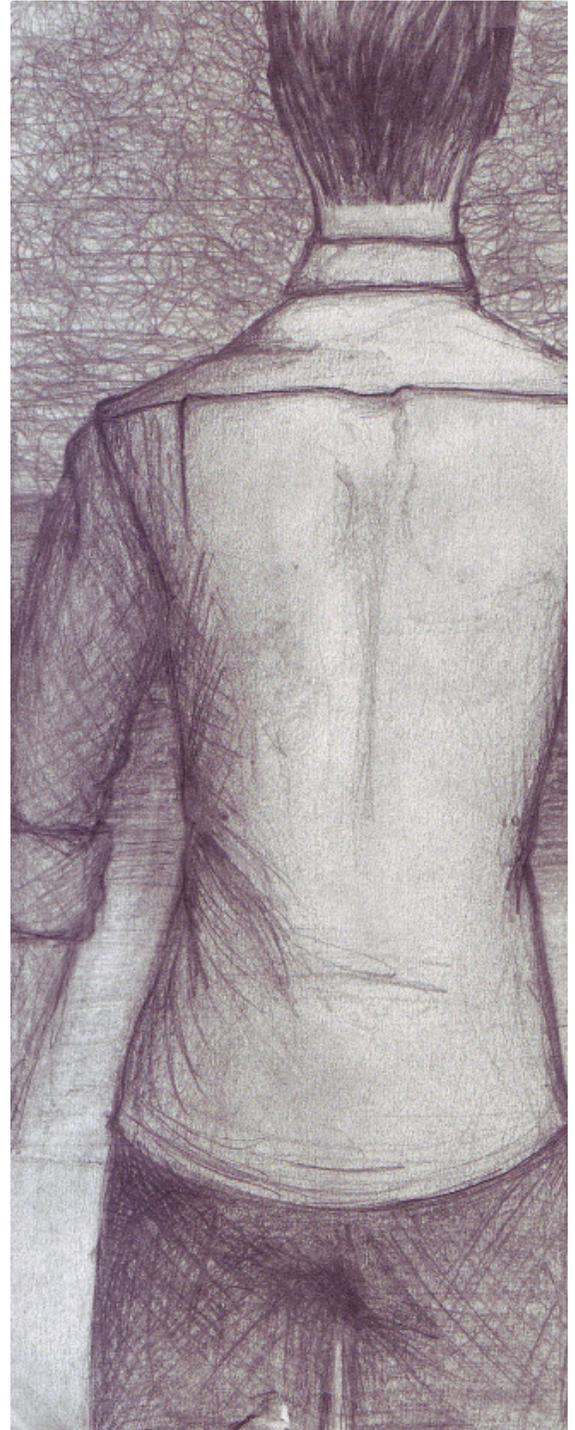
I pretended I had my life mapped out.
Pretended everything was going smoothly.
Pretended there was nothing wrong.

Everything was wrong.
But no one knew it.
No one except him.

He reached out to me,
Took my hand and guided me.
I didn't know who he was or where he came from.

He led me back to the path
I strayed from so long ago.
He was caring, trustworthy, understanding.

He let go and proceeded down a different path.
I was afraid to let go.
I feared that the one person I could trust would
Never look back as he walked away.



Somehow, I knew our paths would cross again.
But first I had to walk my own path,
As he walked his.

I watched him walk.
Confident strides, with infrequent
Footsteps dampened with hesitation.

I walked my own direction.
Not quite as confident, but at least
I knew what direction I was walking in.

I walked away from my façade.
Away from who I was.
I walked toward a new beginning.
Toward a new me.

He left a note. Anonymous.
I never knew his name, but
He was still figuring himself out.
And so was I.

I unfolded the scrap of paper.
Found.



yesterday

13

Remember When

Short Story by C.J.



Colored Pencil by Joel

The kid walked into Remember When Record, Even though the store sold vinyl asked for the cds. He flipped through a bunch of albums before settling on three or four. He pulled a few jewel cases from



the used rack: Katy Perry, Ke\$ha, Papa Roach, and Nickelback. He slid them onto the counter. I started laughing hysterically. "What's so funny" he asked

"Anyone who actually listens to this type of music deserves to be laughed at." To which I quickly replied and then said "that'll be eight seventy nine" The kid looked offended but paid anyway. He gave me nine bucks in crumpled bills. Then I handed him his change and off he went with his crappy music I sat in the empty store thing. It's sad what they're doing with music these days. There's a few different issues with that. One of those is that they don't really even care about the actual music, it's the money. And there's a lot more music with a lot less talent in it. Well anyway, I liked music in the sixties and seventies. I would give anything to have been able to see Woodstock in 69'. People filmed it through those three days and the movie made out of that is my favorite movie.

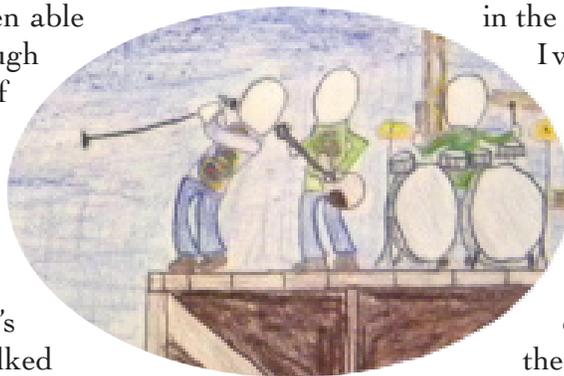
It was closing time so I locked the door from the inside. I cranked some Sabbath and closed the store up; I vacuumed, dusted, and closed out the register. Then I snagged the Woodstock film off the DVD shelf. Nobody's touched it(of course). When I was done, I walked home. When I got home, I watched the Woodstock film. It was actual footage shot there. There were hippies covered in mud and people there with their instruments. There was a pretty big stage(at least twenty feet tall) made of bamboo. I fell asleep during the Who's set list.

I woke up in the middle of a big field. There were people all around me that looked like hippies. I saw

a VW bus covered in stickers, a bunch of blankets and a makeshift tent. There were tons of people and drum circles. In the distance I heard live music begin to play in the distance and herds of people were walking toward it. I followed too. It sounded like a Santana cover band. I walked closer to the stage; it was pretty big with bamboo towers, it was 20 feet high, at least. Back in the 60s Santana played a red SG – so did the guy on stage. He was pretty good and looked just like him. I asked the guy next to me, "Hey, who is this?" He said, "Santana!" "You're full of crap," I said in disbelief.

I started to walk around for a little while and noticed that maybe this was true and I was at Woodstock. When I finally realized this wasn't a dream I started to have some fun with this. I got as close to the stage as I could. And all the music just started to flow. It was the best night I've ever had. I fell asleep on the ground.

The next morning I woke up still there and by the time I went to the snack stand and ate. Jimi Hendrix took center stage. I was about to see the best guitar players in the history of music. The after his set a couple other bands played that I wasn't really familiar with but it was still pretty cool. All this excitement got me all tired and I passed out



in the grass.

I woke up expecting bug bites all over but strangely enough I woke up in my own bed. I must have been dreaming. I saw the DVD was still in the VCR. I decided to

relive my dream I had last night. So I watched the DVD again. I got about halfway through it when I saw myself in the film. Last night was not a dream.

824 North Waiola

Short Story by Michael

The wind whipped at the boy's uncovered face, as he walked down Waiola Avenue. He was so preoccupied with what had happened the night before that he'd forgotten to bring coverings for his face, and the pain he was experiencing from the cold was bringing him back to the present moment. The events of yesterday fought that pain, a constant battle for control over the boy's thoughts. One would enter, and would be shot down by the other. This battle raged on as he approached the 400 block of Waiola.

As he passed a park, he replayed yesterday night in his mind. He remembered seeing Ellen, the girl he loved, in a white dress with black heels, and her brown hair curled magnificently, a style he'd never seen before. The boy wore black wingtips with a matching suit. The button-down shirt he wore underneath the coat was light blue, and the tie was navy blue with small silver stripes crossing it. He remembered stepping out of the ballroom through an open door and collecting his thoughts in the cold air.

The snow wasn't going to fall for a few more hours, according to that morning's news report, and the cold was actually quite calming at this time. He checked his phone to determine what time it actually was, and the bright screen told him it was 8:17 p.m. He put his phone back into his front pants pocket, and saw Ellen standing a few feet away from him, shivering in the cold.

He crosses the street onto the 500 block of Waiola now, the cold from the wind and last night's snowfall still fighting that endless battle with the events in his mind. He smiles, but isn't quite sure why, and as quickly as it appeared on his face, it was gone. The events of the dance come back to him now, forcing out the bitter cold.

"Ellen", he said, speaking softly, as though he was afraid to be heard, "aren't you cold? Would you like my coat?"

She smiled at him, and he shifted uncomfortably on his feet. "Bret, that's so sweet," she said, with appreciation in her voice. "If that's all right with you, I'd love to wear it. I can't find my jacket in the coat room."

Bret took off his coat and paused slightly, adjusting to the sudden onset of cold that he experienced as he took it off, and handed it to Ellen. She put it on and thanked him for his generosity and kindness.

"I'm really not enjoying myself tonight," she said out of nowhere, and continued on. "My date lost me a while ago, and I still haven't found him yet. It was Sean, you know him, right? I'm probably going to leave soon."

Bret, still speaking softly, said, “Ellen, it’s okay. I’m not enjoying myself either. We can go and get coffee or something if that’s alright with you instead of staying at this dance.”

She smiled again, and answered, “I’d love to go get coffee with you.”

The wind came back into Bret’s mind again, just as cold as it was when it was forced out by its mental opponent. As he trudged onward to the 600 block of Waiola, he smiled again, but this time he meant to. He’s almost to the 800’s, just this block and the 700’s and he’s there. Still, the snow he was crushing beneath his feet is seeping into his worn-out sneakers and the sheer cold running through his body is making it very hard to focus on the positives of the moment. The cold leaves his mind, again forced out by the thoughts of Ellen and last night.

“Any specific place in mind?” Ellen wondered.

“I was hoping we could go to that coffee shop down the street”, Bret answered. “It’s only a block away, and besides, you’re not exactly dressed for the weather, right?”

The two shared a quick chuckle, and they set off towards the coffee shop. Ellen lamented on how she forgot to bring a pair of flats to change into, because her heels are uncomfortable. Bret responded to this with an uncomfortable laugh, and said nothing. They walked in silence the whole way to the coffee shop; Bret unable to form a coherent sentence with his lips.

As he opened the door to the coffee shop, Bret felt a feeling of warmth spread through him. It was a huge relief from the rapidly falling temperature outside, and Bret had figured that Ellen was relieved too.

“Do you want anything? I’ll buy,” Bret offered as he pulled a chair out for Ellen to sit.

“I have my own money, but I appreciate the gesture,” Ellen responded, smiling, as she pulled a wallet out of her purse.

“My feet are killing me, though, can you order me a medium peppermint mocha please?” she asked Bret, extending a five-dollar bill out to him as she spoke.

“Yeah, I can do that,” he replied, taking out his own wallet too.

Bret went to the counter, and ordered the peppermint mocha and a large hot chocolate for himself, paid, and then patiently waited while the barista got their drinks ready.

His face was essentially numb by this point, having walked in what felt like below-zero weather, with howling winds and no coverings. Still, he continued onward, the motivation of his goal fueling him. A elderly woman pulled up next to him in her car and asked him if he’d like a ride to wherever he’s going.

“That’s very kind of you, ma’am,” Bret said, “but I’m only a block or so away from where I’m go-

ing, so I'll have to pass."

The woman smiled at him, wished him well and then drove off, leaving Bret to deal with the battle of the cold and last night alone.

His feet were freezing too, and his legs felt heavy; each step he took forward a brutal chore. Suddenly, he felt his legs swing in front of him and his body fly backwards. He landed with a painful thud on the snow-covered ice, which he didn't even know was there until that moment.

"So, why didn't you like the dance?" Bret inquired to Ellen.

"I don't know, a lot of reasons, I guess. The music was really annoying, for one. Sean and I lost each other pretty quickly after the dance began, and I haven't found him since. I just gave up on the dance."

Ellen laughed, and Bret joined in, not sure how to respond to her. He took a long sip of his hot chocolate, and he held his index finger out to Ellen, letting her know that he'd be with her in a moment.

"I'm really sorry about that," he said finally. "I never liked Sean, to be honest. I find him to be very mean and self-centered."

"Yeah, I kind of agree with you on that. I know he's my boyfriend and all, but sometimes he does come off as selfish."

He paused, thinking about what he was going to say, and as he opened his lips to speak, Ellen interjected.

"I'm thinking about leaving him."

Bret took another long sip of his hot chocolate, again unsure of how to respond to Ellen.

"If that's what you think is best, then by all means, do it," Bret said though it came off as more of a mumble than an actual sentence.

"I have to know something, Bret. I've wondered this for the longest time, and now seems like a good time to ask it."

Bret shifted uncomfortably in his chair, and gave her the okay to ask him what she wanted to ask, having already made the assumption in his head as to what it was. Ellen crossed her hands, extended her arms in front of her, and took a deep breath.

"Do you have feelings for me?" she asked. After a pause, she followed that up by clarifying, "In a romantic way, I mean."

The question hung heavy in the air, an elephant in the coffee shop that both of them took note of. Bret quickly scanned the room, as though he was looking for an escape route, because at that moment,

he wanted nothing more than to flee. He knew he couldn't though, and began to drink more hot chocolate.

"Honestly, I do. I have for some time," he said after what seemed like an eternity.

Ellen smiled at him, a smile that made him feel more comfortable, yet afraid as well. Bret, in his mind, had figured out what she was going to respond with already. He dreaded it.

"I'm flattered, Bret, I really am, but I'm at a crossroads in my life right now. I just told you about Sean and I, and I need time to sort through all this. I think it'd be best if we were just friends right now. It's not you, you know, it's me," Ellen said, much to Bret's chagrin.

Bret looked around the room quickly, his eyes darted back and forth, and took in all the surroundings possible. He got up suddenly, and asked Ellen for his coat. Ellen silently handed it to him and asked if he was all right.

He was silent in response as he put on the black coat that had kept Ellen warm. Once it was on his body and buttoned, he walked out of the coffee shop, not knowing where to go afterwards. After what seemed like an eternity, Bret returned to the Starbucks, but Ellen had left. He went to the table they had been sitting at, and realized Ellen had left her purse behind. There was also a note next to the purse, which Bret opened and read. He stared at it for a moment or two, not completely understanding it at first. When he realized what it meant, he folded it up and put it in his wallet.

His first attempt to get off the ice was in vain, as he slipped and fell again. Cursing to himself, Bret tried again, and this time was successful. He decided to walk on the lawns, which were free of ice, instead of the sidewalk. This took more time, as there was more snow on the lawns, but it was safer, he decided, and he wanted to arrive at his destination without any broken bones.

He crossed onto the 700's of Waiola, the wind still whipping at his face. Bret picked up his pace on the lawns, getting as close to running as somebody can without actually running, nearly tripping over all the snow multiple times. His walk down the 700 block seemed to take mere moments, and before he knew it, he crossed the street and arrived at the 800's.

After passing one Victorian-looking house, Bret turned onto the walk of the next one and approached the brown door separating the cold outside from the warmth inside, and took a deep breath. He rang the doorbell, and when it was answered, he smiled and said, "Ellen, I found your note. You forgot your purse yesterday."



“It’s not you,” Ellen said. “It’s me.”



Colored Pencil Drawing by Carson

Bret was silent in response.

Photons

Poem by Gabe



Digital Image by Jordyn

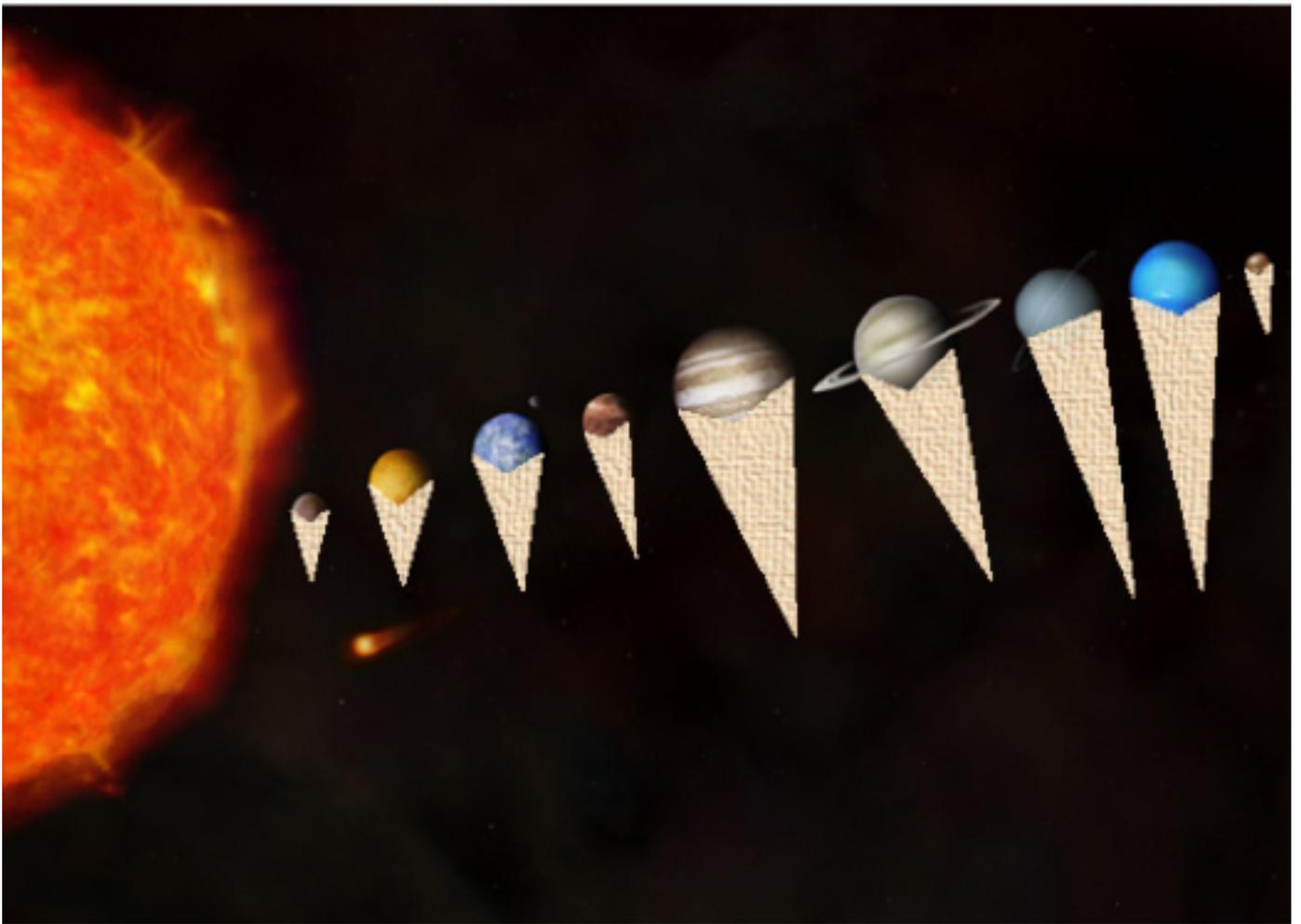
Photons tell stories
Planet stars and galaxies
Cosmic Messengers

Photons travel far
Collected by eyes years on
Traverse time and space

Observe what once was
Past gives clues of origin
Us and everything

Ice Cream and You

Literary Essay by Joel



Digital Image by Michael

As I sit in my local Ice cream parlor, enjoying some chocolate ice cream, I wonder how did this wonderful treat come to be? What exactly am I eating, where did it come from, was an older version even more delicious? Is the ice cream of today the true essence of ice cream? Is the ice cream of yesterday even more “Creamy” or “Icy” than ours? Is my favorite desert just a spin off of a past treat? The only way for me to answer these questions for myself is to delve into the world of the magical treat that is, Ice Cream.

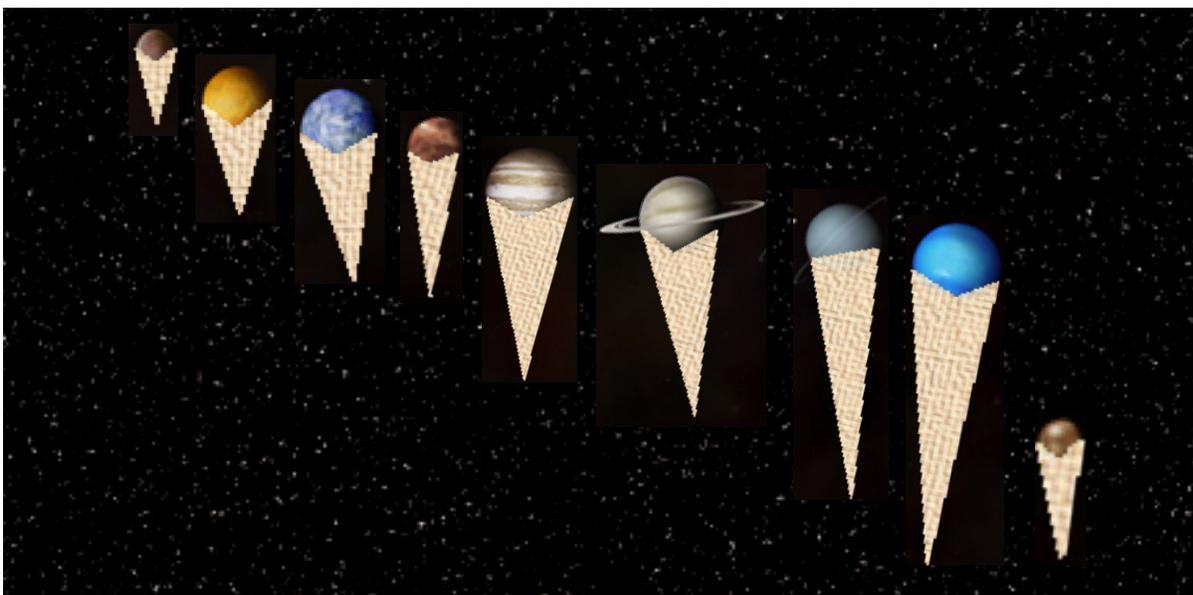
The first stop on this journey through America’s favorite desert is to understand what truly is “Ice Cream.” From the name, we could easily perceive that it is a cold or frozen dish by the word “Ice,” and it contains cream or has a creamy consistency from the word “Cream.” Ice cream, or the general idea for it has been around for an extremely long time. The first possible record of ice cream existing is when Emperor Nero, who ruled the Roman Empire between 54 -68 CE, requested a “Frozen Treat” for dessert. Scrambling to appease the emperor’s desire, his servant retrieved snow and added various fruit toppings to it for flavor. This however would not be constituted as ice cream by today’s standards, because of the lack of one of the base parts of ice cream; milk or cream.

The oldest thing to come close to modern ice cream is the predecessor of the Persian Faloodeh. This predecessor to Faloodeh was the first ice cream-like treat to use milk as an ingredient. This newfound delicacy was wide spread in Arab Countries by the 10th century (900’s).

After this the history of ice cream becomes much more skewed, the next big upturn in ice cream’s long history is in the 1700’s. During the 1700’s there was a major event in world history, the American Revolution, and during this chaotic event, there was still time for ice cream. It is known that some of the Founding Fathers, including George Washington, Ben Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson, served ice cream to guests at their political and social parties. Also around this time, the term “Ice Cream” came to be. What we still eat today is just a slightly modified version of what the founding fathers made and enjoyed.

After reading this, I couldn’t help but picturing the founding fathers sitting in the ice cream parlor with me enjoying some ice cream. However, I imagine it would be a rare delicacy for the founding fathers compared to the everyday occurrence that is it today. As the small bits of my ice cream slowly melts, I wonder how this was made and how it got to me as I sit here in the ice cream parlor. Before I find out, I need more ice cream.

After purchasing some more ice cream, Strawberry this time, I continued the quest into ice cream knowledge. To truly understand this outstanding goody, we must know how it is made. There are three



sizes of ice cream production. There is home, such as a personal ice cream maker. There is factory, this would be more like a business, and this is where ice cream that you would buy at your grocery store would be made. There is also ice cream that may be made at a local ice cream store or parlor. Before the invention and spread of modern refrigeration, it was next to impossible to store ice cream and transport it from place to place. Imagine being an ice cream salesman in the early 1800s during the summer, it would be impossible to transport your product with out it melting! This made ice creams a rare and seldom eaten food, except for the very wealthy.

Because of this, the only type of ice cream that would be eaten and enjoyed was the homemade variety. The original way that people would use to make homemade ice cream was to mix the ice cream together by hand. Imagine, to make one bowl of ice cream you would have to get a bucket and put it into a bigger bucket filled with salt, ice, and water. You would then have to gather the ingredients and pour them into the smaller bucket, then mix that as it freezes from the transfer of heat (or more the lack of heat). You would be mixing this by hand, using a spoon, for over 15 minutes, just to make 1 bowl of ice cream or less! If this were required today, ice cream prices would be through the roof.

Thanks to the invention of electricity and modern refrigeration, there is a market for making and selling ice cream. However, even today there are different ways to make ice cream on the massive factory levels. The most common way is to mix air into the ice cream as it is being made. This makes it a more light and fluffy treat, this also helps keep the price down because not as many ingredients are being used. This may sound odd, but this is the basic of most ice cream.

There is an alternative, though. A small ice cream company, but quickly growing one, based in Cincinnati, Ohio, makes a different type of ice cream that has no air added. This company is called Graeter's, and their ice cream is made by using a process called "French pot." In the "French pot process," the ice cream is put into a pot similar to the kind used to make homemade ice cream. It is slowly scraped by a paddle from the side of the pot it then folds on top of itself and this is repeated for about 20 minutes. Because of the use of this complex process, they can only make 2 gallons per pot at a time. Graeter's also doesn't whip air into the ice cream; this results in an extremely dense ice cream. This ice cream is so dense, that it has to be hand packed. Even though this company's ice cream sounds so outlandishly hard to make, it's not much different then most high quality ice cream. The only major difference is the lack of added air, thus making it denser.

After learning all of this, the only thing I can think about is trying out different ice creams. I think I will enjoy them more now that I can understand how they are made, the different types I can eat, and that I can even make my own.



YESTERDAY

Poem by Angelo



Drawing by Carson

Yesterday is, of course, a period in time, but it's not long time away from the present day at all. Thinking more deeply, the present day is not very far from yesterday. Days blow away from the present like a plastic bag blows away in the wind. Past days soon turn into past months, and past months soon turn into past years, then decades, and so on and so on and so on. Yesterday is a concept, not just a part of near history.

Yesterday is a learning experience. Everyone makes mistakes, and the mistakes that people make one day soon turn into the day before, which would be yesterday, and soon becomes the day before yesterday. Whenever it is, it's still a point in the past that can be learned from because history tends to repeat itself. Fixing mistakes that were made yesterday are really important.

A bunch of positive experiences, can make people happier because they can look back into their past and be proud of their past actions and experience. Like the time my family and I went on a road trip to my uncle's farm for the weekend. I ran through cornfields, which was a lot fun, I built a fire pit out of rocks and then made a fire at four o'clock in the morning, I got rained on, had a barbecue with my family, and burned my broken skateboards afterward. I stayed in a hunting cabin at night. It seemed to last forever. I now look back and think about that time and think about how much fun it was, especially because I was able to get a break from daily life. Making the best out of yesterday is what makes yesterdays so great.

If there was no such thing as yesterday, nothing would exist at all because the world had to form at some point. Past days have led to the development of who and what we are today, which is definitely something to think about when yesterday comes to mind.

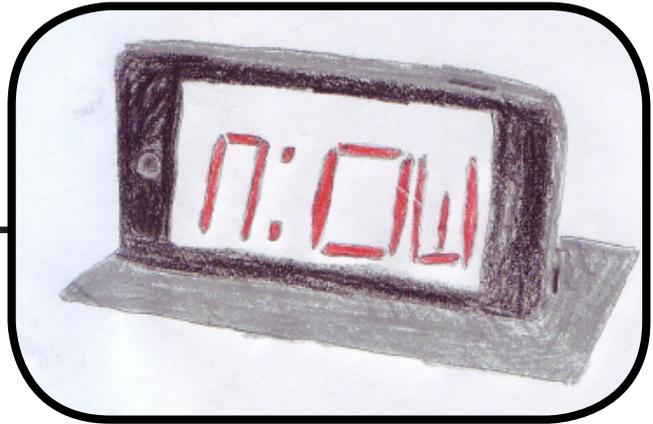


Orthogenique

yesterday



today



tomorrow



Modern Music

Poem by Angelo



Digital Image By Jordyn

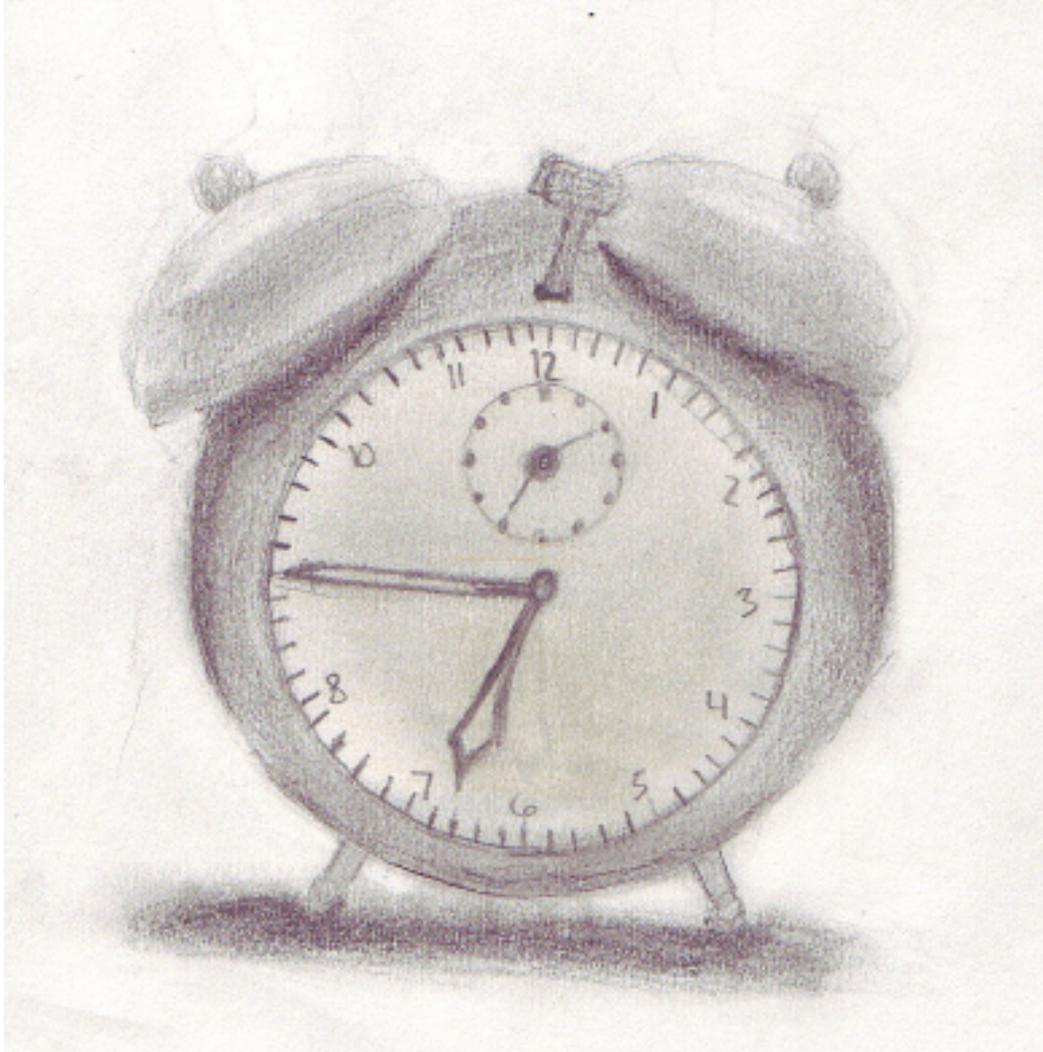
Pop CD's are burning in the trash,
I simply cant wait until they turn into ash,
Pop is just so friggin annoying,
Why does anyone find it enjoying,
All of the songs are about love, parties, and drinking,
What the heck are all of these people thinking?
What I really really want is for the media to crash,
That way everyone will stop listening to this trash,
All of these singers are so overrated,
I hope that Bruno Mars gets delapidated,
All of this garbage ruins peoples minds,
And all of the good music is so hard to find,
All I ever hear is pop pop pop,
Please God save me! When will It stop?
Its all about people that others think are hot
Ill tell you one thing, their music is not,
That is the message that I want to send,
If you didn't like it, then lucky for you,
This is where it ends.



today

Times of Today

Short Story by Joel



Drawing by C.J.

6:45am I wake up to the sound of an alarm clock, I feel groggy after staying up until 1am playing videogames, and I hit the snooze button. 6:52am the alarm starts again, this time I get up and turn it off, I start getting ready for the day ahead. 7:03am I get out of the shower and grab the nearest towel. I pull on clean clothes, and run down stairs to grab breakfast. I eat my cereal and chug my glass of orange juice. 7:12am I'm running back up and down stairs after realizing the homework I did last night was not in my backpack. I catch the bus and I sit down on the only empty seat on the bus to school. I start to doze off. 7:32am I am woken up by the sounds of my classmates leaving the bus, I quickly stand and head into school. As I enter, I dodge a low flying spitball. I reach my locker and start to enter in the combo...33...42...50... it pops open. I start to head for my first class. I decide to take a new route to my class, as it appears someone lost their breakfast in the middle of my usual path.

7:44am I reach the class a second before the bell rings; I take my normal seat in the back of the class. Then the teacher starts to lecture us on how to be "good students," I start to nod off. 7:47am a ruler collides with my desk, I look up into the face of my teacher, and her face has taken on a new shade of red. 7:49am her rant about me sleeping comes to an end. After that, I notice that it has started to rain outside; I begin to count the raindrops. 8:00am I decide that the ceiling tiles also need counting while the teacher seems to be trying to explain what "antithesis" is; she is failing at it. I learn there are about $98 \frac{1}{2}$ ceiling tiles in the classroom, and $99 \frac{1}{2}$ tiles on the floor. 8:11am I look up from my doodles when I notice a "Romeo and Juliet" book being handed to me. After reading a bit of it, I wonder why Shakespeare would ever write something so boring, and why I should care about it. 8:27am I stop doodling to scribble down the homework. It appears I have to read more of this "literary masterpiece." The bell rings and I start to head to gym.

8:32am I notice that the "abandoned" breakfast is still in the middle of the hall. I head inside the gym; it appears we are playing dodge ball. 8:37am the class finishes changing and the teacher starts to cover the rules of dodge ball. 8:42am After 5 minutes of "Do not hit other classmates in the head with the ball!!!" we can finally start the game. 8:43am Dodge ball collides with classmates head; looked like it hurt. 8:45am we are allowed to play dodge ball again, after another lecture. In the first game, I finish off the last remaining opponent, they did not look too happy. My teammates congratulate me for winning the game, and we start another one. 9:11am I get out while being the last person on the team, we lose. 9:13am the class ends early because of a fire drill; it is still raining outside. 9:22am We get back to the gym and start to change back into our school clothes.

9:30am I start to head to my locker. I see someone being escorted to the principle's office, and I'm glad I'm not them. I enter in the combo to my locker, ...33...42...50... its still locked. I then realize I'm at the wrong locker. I retrieve my math book from the right locker, and head to math.

9:34am I arrive to math class. I notice there is a new student in the class. After a minute the math teacher starts to teach about slope intercept form; seems interesting enough. 9:40am $y=m(x)+b$ seems to be ingrained into my head. 9:52am the teacher passes out a work sheet to work on in class. After finishing the first few problems I start the "Challenge" question on the work sheet; seems easy enough. After a while I find out it is not easy, and that I have no idea why you "can't use $y=m(x)+b$ to express a vertical line." 10:13am I continue to stare at the question blankly, and wonder why I don't know it. Then the new student looks over her shoulder at me and says, "PSST the answer to the challenge question is that a vertical line has no slope." Startled, I look up, but she's already turned back around. 10:17am I realize that she



is definitely right, a vertical line has no slope. Before I could finish writing that down, the teacher assigns some math problems in the book, and I scribble them down.

10:23am After exiting math class, I arrive at study hall, or more accurately named “sleep hall.”
11:03am I wake up from my well-deserved nap; the “sleep” hall supervisor says I have two minutes, and tells me to stop drooling. I watch as the other denizens of fourth period sleep hall arise from their naps.
11:05am The bell rings and I head to the free-for-all that is lunch.

11:08am After retrieving my lunch from my locker, I enter into the obnoxiously loud lunchroom. I dodge a flying banana as I hear someone shout “FOOD FIGHT!” I quickly hunker under the table as meatballs, fruit, water bottles, and other edible substances go flying overhead. 11:15am As I munch on my lunch under the table, I see a teacher try to stop the food fight. 11:16am The teacher is hit by a volley of meatballs and spaghetti; looks like he is going to need a change of clothes. After a while the administrative staff sent in the “cavalry” to sort things out and the food fight started to end. 11:26am I decide it is safe to leave my shelter. The entire lunch table I was under is covered in marinara sauce. 11:31am I finish off my lunch and head to the bathroom, as my clothes are covered in marinara sauce. I emerge from the bathroom and head to my history classroom, far away from the mess in the cafeteria.

11:37am I arrive at history and notice that there is a substitute teacher, this is going to be a fun class period. 11:41am The sub begins to teach about the great depression. 11:43am The sub loses all control of the classroom. After that, paper airplanes begin to fly, spit balls volley across the room, and the sub sits in his chair crying; kind of sad if you think about it. After a while, I finish my awesome doodle of the chaos in the room. I wonder if I can hand it in as an art project for drawing class. Eventually the assistant principle, nicknamed “The Principle of Darkness,” walks into the room and immediately puts an end to the “RUCKUS,” as he calls it. 12:25am I leave the eerily silent classroom and head to art.

12:27am on the way to art class I see the teacher that was hit by the projectile-like meatballs during the food fight; he still has some spaghetti in his hair. I walk in early to the art class, and show the doodle to the teacher. She says the doodle I made “is not art,” and throws it away. I retrieve my fallen doodle from the trash bin, and take a seat and wait for the rest of the class to arrive, late. 12:33am the last straggler comes in late. We finally start class. We learn about the color wheel and how the colors relate, and we start to draw our “abstract self portraits.” 12:45am My abstract face looks like a banana. 12:46am Now it looks like a messed up boomerang. 12:47am Now it is “art” as the teacher calls it, however to me, it just looks like a series of scribbles. After another few minutes of scribbling the teacher says “you have used enough of your artistic-ness for one day; go and sleep child.” That statement confirms my idea that she is in fact “insane.” However, I never argue with napping in class. 1:15pm After waking up from my “artistic awakening snooze,” I start to head to my least favorite class, science.

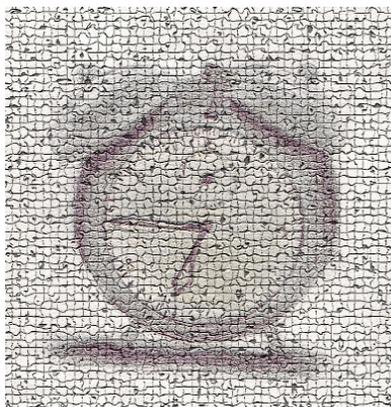
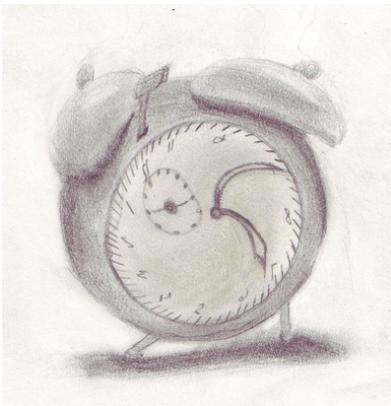
1:17pm On my way to science, I trip and fall. However, instead of landing on the floor, I fall into the football team captain. After a minute of playing dead/ being extremely injured, the football captain hoists me up; I notice that he resembles a bulldog. I start to feel specs of spittle and other “substances” collide with my face as “Bulldog” yells in my face. All I can make out is: 3:00pm...bike rack...dead...hospital...bone...blood... I take these all as a “bad sign of things to come.”

1:24pm After escaping the grasps of the football captain, I arrive at science class late and immediately replace “Bulldog’s” spittle on my face with my teacher’s. After re-wiping my face, I start to learn about the “fun” world of biology, or more aptly named snoozeology. The teacher informs us that we are going to have an “extended lab day” to dissect rats. 1:37pm The squeals and shuddering start as the dead rats are wheeled into the lab. 1:48pm After a long-winded speech on what to and what not to do with the rat, the teacher lets us begin the dissection and I get to be “the cutter.” I begin the dissection by cutting the rat open and making flaps out of the skin, just like they do on all the crime shows. 1:55pm As I wait for the teacher to come over and approve the next incision, I hear screams as another cutter punctures the bladder of their rat and it spews onto the teacher; she does not look happy.

2:07pm By the time her emergency chemical shower finishes, the teacher has gained some of her composure back, and she attempts to return some calm to the classroom. We are still laughing at her. 2:11pm Composure is finally restored to the classroom and we continue the dissection of the rat. During the dissection, I carefully dodge the bladder of the rat to prevent another episode. However, I hit the stomach and cause a nauseating smell to emanate from the rat. After a two-minute speech from the teacher on how lucky we are to be able to dissect rats and how interesting it is to see what they ate, we start shifting through the goop oozing from the stomach. 2:23pm After shifting through rat stomach goop for 5 minutes, we have learned that the rat ate something and now it's green and goop-like. This is obviously a scientific breakthrough. Soon after this breakthrough the teacher tells us to start to clean up, as we have already poked and prodded everything in the rat. 2:42pm After a long time of cleaning up and disposing of "the victims," the teacher assigns the homework; a write up of the lab. I wonder if we should include the part where she got a pee shower.

2:55pm I depart the science class room and head for my doom, because if I run from the fight that I have been challenged to I will be both a chicken and just die the next day by "Bulldog's" hands. I depart the main entrance and look around the corner of the school towards the bike racks. It seems to be clear and I can't see "Bulldog" anywhere. Maybe he decided to not show. 2:59pm I'm grabbed from behind and am picked up; I can't seem to get free, but I realize whoever is carrying me is taking me to the bike racks. I'm dropped in front of the bike rack, I roll over to see who just carried me, and its "Bulldog." I realize it's all over. 3:02pm As the blows start raining down upon me, all I can think about is how this is what almost every day is; just a day, nothing more. Just one point in the wild ride that is life.

6:45am I wake up to the sound of the my all too familiar alarm clock. I look out the window of my own house in space, far away from my high school down on Earth, and I wonder how this new "today" will be.



I Would Have Asked You

A Poem by Michael



I would have asked you to be my friend again today,
We could talk about how nothing's the same anymore
And we'd feel young again,
All the anxieties of growing up washed away.
But I don't have a face anymore,
So I said nothing.
And when I turned to you, you said it all by saying
Nothing at all.

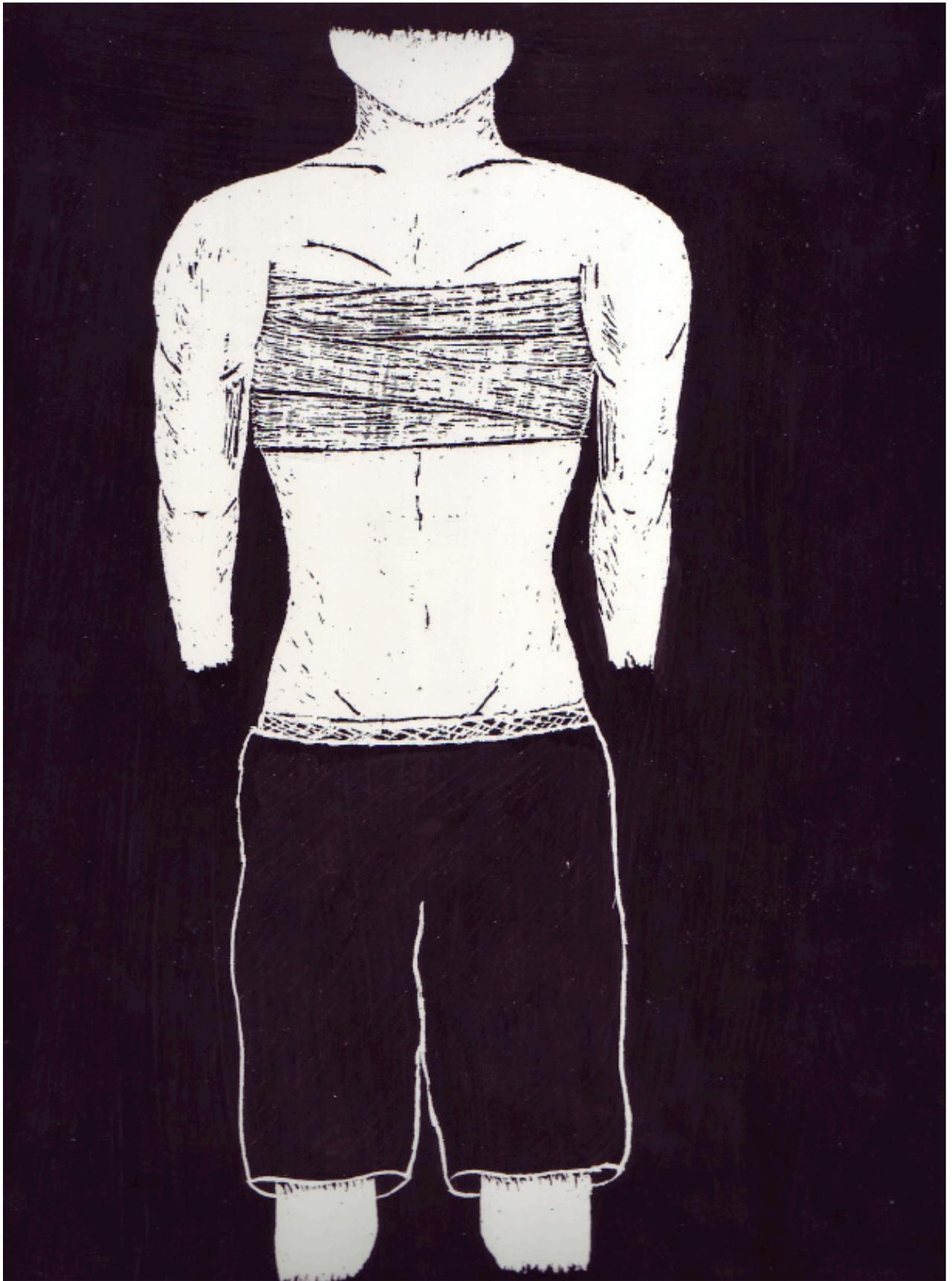


I would have asked you to take my hand and be my guide,
We could feel the sensation of your hand clasped in mine,
And we'd feel young again,
All the anxieties of growing up washed away.
But I don't have my hands anymore,
And I don't have a face anymore,
So I said nothing.
And when I turned to you, you said it all by clasping
Nothing at all.



I would have asked you to run away with me today,
We could put our feet in the ocean and feel all the waves,
And we'd feel young again,
All the anxieties of growing up washed away.
But I don't have my legs anymore
And I don't have my hands anymore,
Or a face either, for that matter.
So I said nothing.
And when I turned to you, you said it all by simply
Not being there.





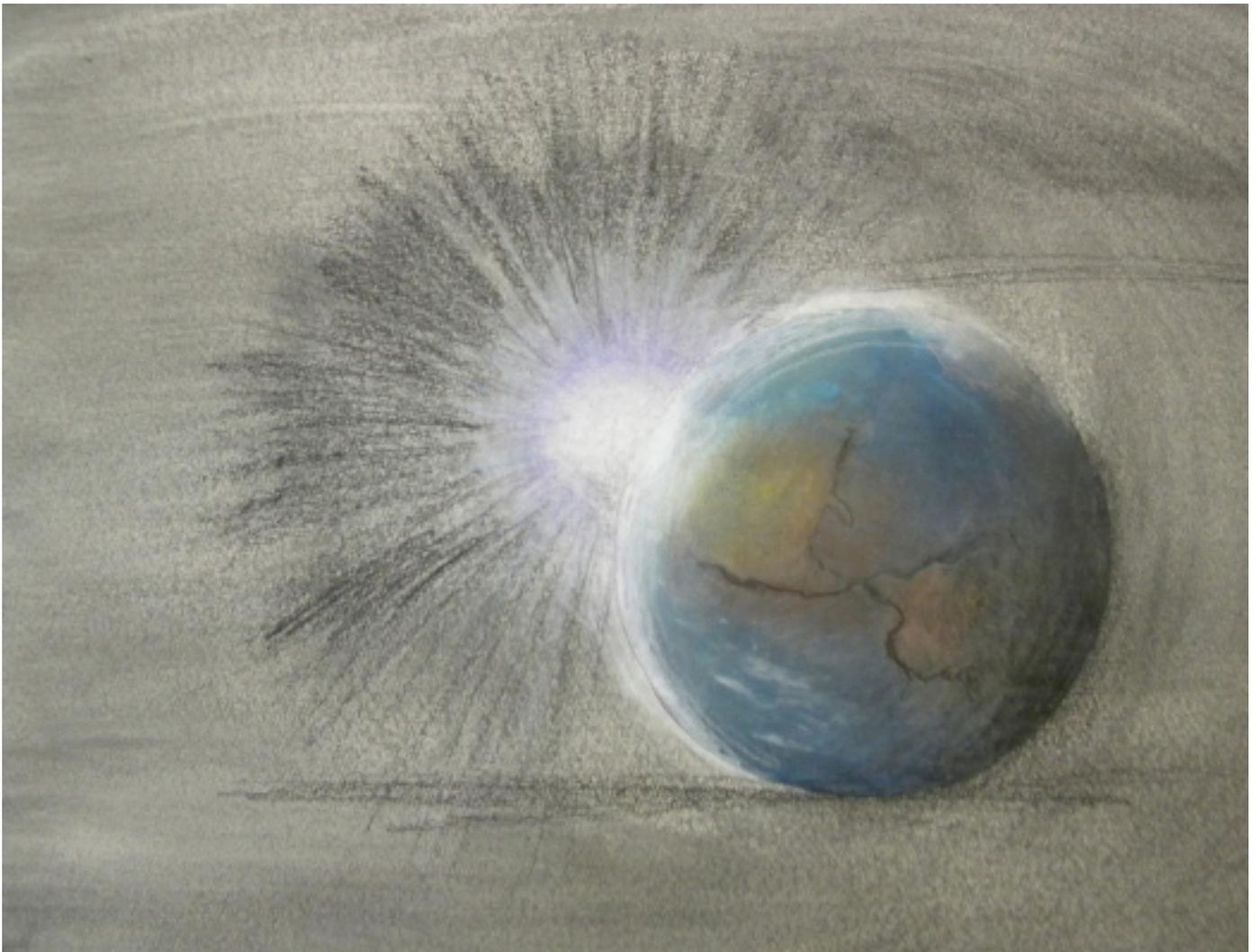
Scratchboard Drawing by Carson

today

39

Observer

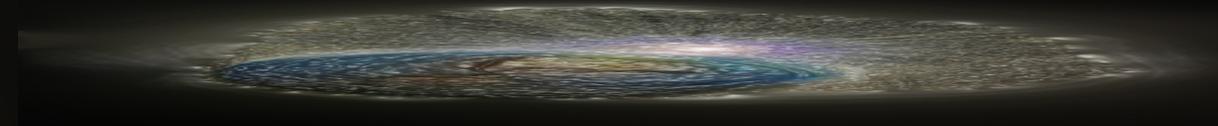
Short Story by Gabe



Mixed Media by Jihan

today

41



The rate of melting has increased five hundred percent since I began observing the primate humanoids. Temperatures are rising and falling all over the planet and the majority of the population is fully aware yet does nothing. The primate humanoid leaders have decided to collect and spend money on developing new ways to kill each other rather than the protection of their own planet. Humanity is naïve. A planet 70 percent covered with water is rare to find in this galaxy. It is absolutely tragic to watch such a beautiful planet be wasted by such an irrational, violent, gluttonous, provincial, and greedy species. There are over 100 billion stars in this galaxy and a small percentage of those stars have planets in the habitable zone. Out of those planets few are as fertile and abundant with water as the primate humanoid planet. I must do something to save the planet from destruction. To make contact with this species would contaminate their culture. However, the wellbeing of the planet is more important than the species on it. No longer can I remain hidden, but I must not make the entire planet aware of my presence. I assume after listening to communications between leaders of the America people that their government keeps much valuable information from the common population. Thus, I can conclude my presence would not be disclosed. I have decided to make contact with the leader of the America people.



Solar Date 2012.156

Communications with the primate humanoids has proven to be more difficult than I expected. After arriving inside the chamber of the leader of the America people I was bombarded by lead metal projectiles. Luckily, my thick and dense exoskeleton was enough to prevent my gelatinous insides from being damaged. There was much commotion over my presence, which was to be expected for this irrational species. I thought possibly there would be more welcoming after listening to the welcome message in the Humanoid Probe. If I remember correctly, the primate humanoids called it Voyager 1. The leader ordered everyone in the room to remain still and not to leave. My assumption was correct that the leader of the America people would continue their surreptitious methods of governing. Their leader's title is President. I communicated to the President that no longer can his species ignore the planet and must make it's wellbeing a top priority. The response was that they do not have money to do so. It took me a while for me to grasp the concept of currency. Clearly this species has a lot to learn about cooperation.



Solar Date 2012.290

President has called for a classified conference to discuss my warning. He gave me access to their data base to learn more about their people. After 8 Earth days of debate the only thing they decided was that they need more time.



SolarDate 2012.311

Waking up to “45 seconds to missile impact” is not what I had in mind when choosing this assignment. Why did they target me? Truly this species has a compromised prefrontal cortex due to cognitive emotional disturbances. A missile made contact with my aft section. “Structural integrity at 80 percent” is what my automated diagnostic report system alerted to me next. My vessel was not designed for combat. Out of the next volley, two missiles hit my aft hull. My only choice was to make an emergency landing.



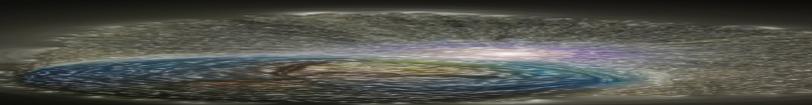
SolarDate 2012.345

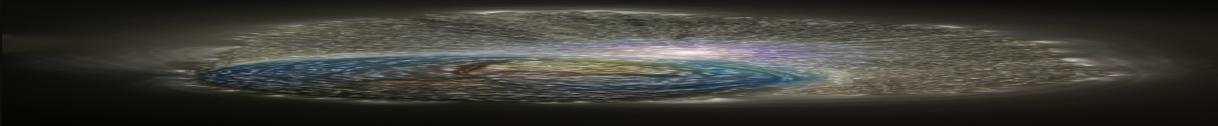
The landing site is a mountainous region covered in frozen water precipitation. I doubt any primate humanoids would be in the vicinity due to harsh conditions that would be fatal to the delicate humanoid form.



Galactic Date 2012.365

To my surprise a pious primate humanoid came to my vessel while I was repairing the aft plating. He says his name is Moojitsu and is part of a small community living in a monastery. Curiosity has brought me a life of science and now a visit to a monastery. His religion appears has no deity but rather a quest. This quest is to reach a new plane of awareness and eventually existence.





Solar Date 2012.431

Tibet is the name of this territory. Moojitsu tells me that China claims that Tibet belongs to them and is currently occupying the territory. The villagers of the Tibet people do not welcome China occupation and light themselves on fire to show the China people the extreme they will take for freedom. Factions of primate humanoids seem to be driven to obtain influence on other factions. The America people attempted to structure the governments of Nicaragua, Argentina, Poland, Iraq, Russia, and more based on their own. Each of the faction's cultures have been contaminated and not allowed to evolve in natural progression. The Tibet people seem to be an outlier of humanity's nature. The Buddhists are focused on well-being, similar to other primate humanoids; however their definitions of well-being differ. Moojitsu tells me that five precepts govern Buddhist doctrine which includes refraining from: killing or harming living creatures, taking what is not freely given, sexual misconduct, false or unjust speech, and intoxicating the body. I did not need to convince them that the world was in danger. However, after asking them to represent the human race they responded with saying "right effort is maintaining wholesome mind." An insight that is similar to one of my people's universal doctrine. However, this species as a whole is not close enough to enlightenment or else I would not have to convince them of abandoning the mentality of profit and exploitation. What I need is something that will create "wholesome mind" sooner.

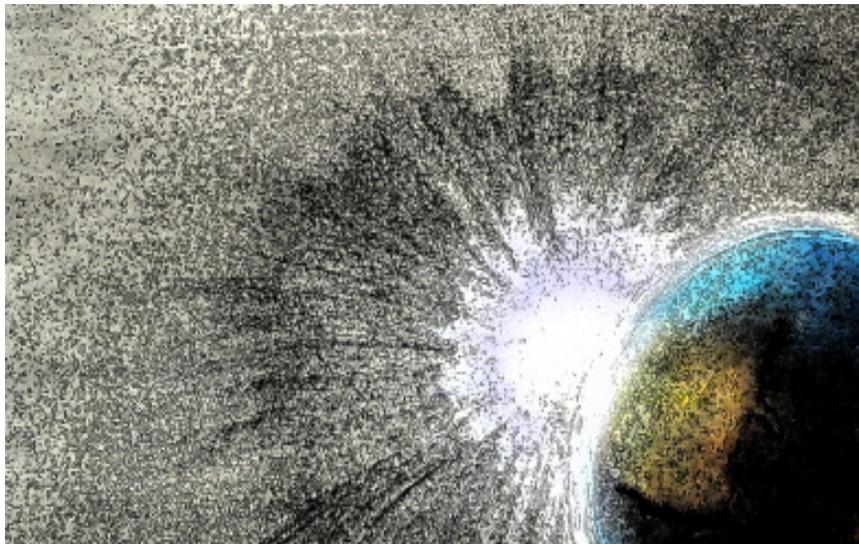


Solar Date 2012.512

Repairs to my vessel were completed by mid solar day. I went through the primate humanoid database and discovered my next destination. Paris seemed to be the next logical choice because it contains the headquarters of the European Space Agency. Primate humanoid scientists of all the Europe factions come together to develop technology to study space. Surely they will be willing to make change. Before I could lift off Moojitsu came to my vessel to say goodbye with a bow.

Solar Date 2012.546

It is hard to miss the bright lights and the tall tower that seems to have no function. Acquiring attention was easy as it was before. They held a meeting in the mess hall because that was the only place to fit all of us. My bio-scanner detects elevated heart rates whenever I am among the primate humanoids. Fear would be the natural response to my presence. I would say that they are xenophobic to me but they even classify differences among their own species. They classify each other a race based on skin pigmentation. It appears they are not aware that between each race brain functions are identical with minor fluctuations between individuals. I told the scientists what I told the America people. Again they needed to discuss things this time with their government. I do not know if I reached them.



Solar Date 2012.678

Enemy factions of the France people began making threats to the government. My presence appears to be well known across the planet and it seems that I make other factions nervous. Other factions worry I am supplying the America people and Europe people with weapons. Even the America people have contacted the Europe people to tell them they are raising defenses. The Prime Minister and President of the France people ordered me to leave. I have failed my mission and must return home. Before leaving I gave the scientists an image of my computer's projection. My computer projected what Earth would look like after climate change.

The Drive of Music Discovery

Short Story by Jordyn

Abbey is 16 and likes normal teenage stuff like listening to modern music. She loves Justin Bieber, The Black Eyed Peas, and Katy Perry. Her room is filled with pictures of, mostly, Justin Bieber. Her iPod is filled with her favorite artists and much more modern music. She says she hates old music, but has never even listened to it. When Abbey listens to her music, it makes her feel happy.

Her dad, Gerald, loves old music and doesn't really like his daughter listening to modern music. He loves The Beatles, Aerosmith, and Queen. He has every record and album from them and plays the records on his record player. When he listens to that music he remembers when music was good and had meaning, according to him. When Gerald listens to his music, it makes him feel happy.

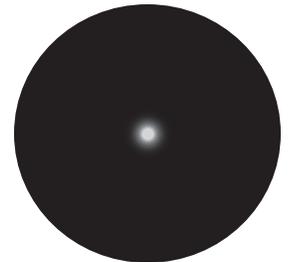
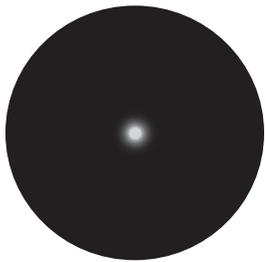
One day, while Gerald was driving Abbey to softball practice, she turned to her favorite station, B96. Then Gerald turned to the station that played his music. When he turned on the station, the song 'Yellow Submarine' by The Beatles was on. He explained who The Beatles were. She was immediately interested in them.

When he picked Abbey up from practice, he had The Beatles album 'Abbey Road' for her to listen to. Then he explained that she was named after 'Abbey Road.' When she liked the album, her dad gave her a mixed tape of The Beatles, Aerosmith and Queen. She listened to the mixed tape and decided that she likes modern music and old music.



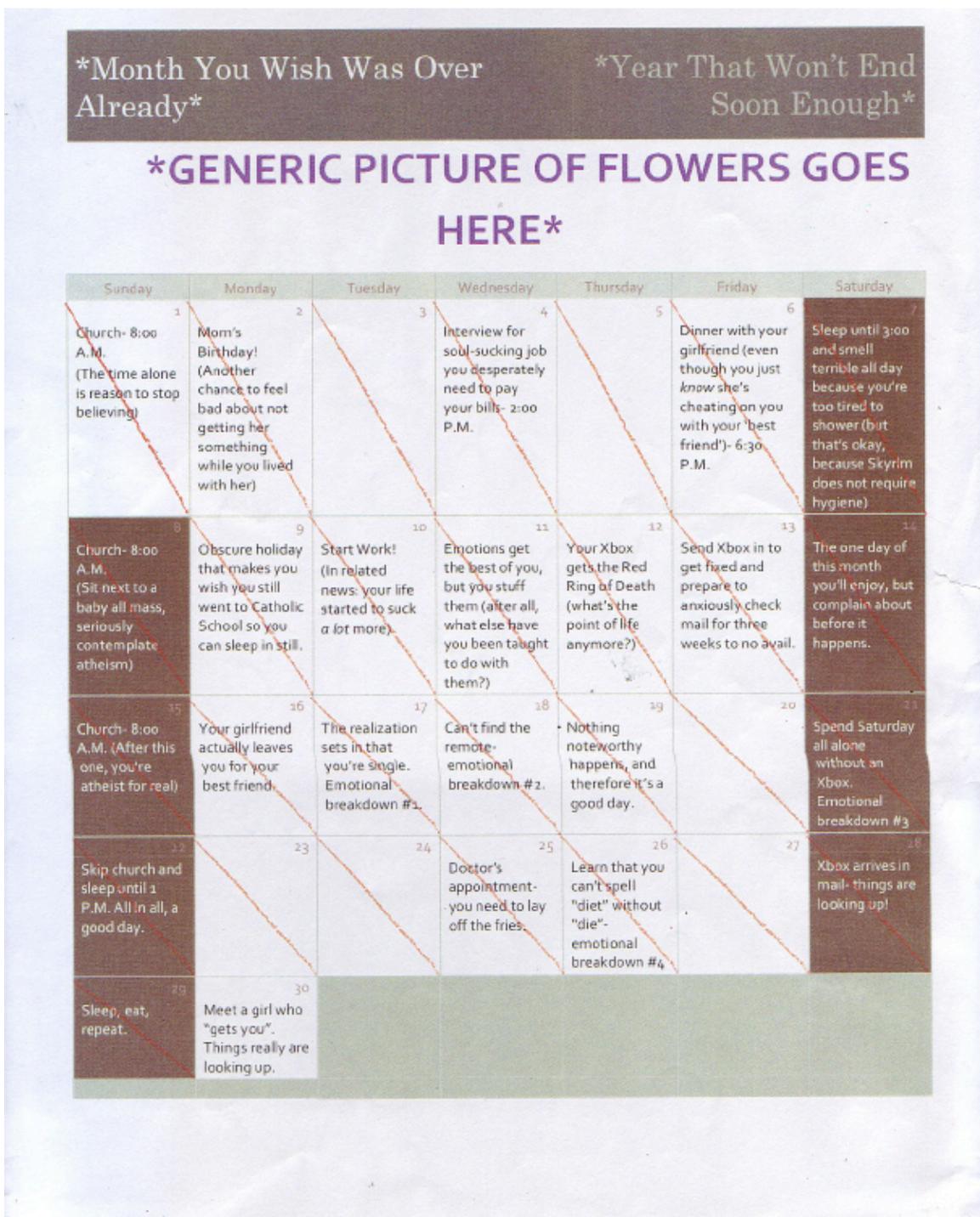


Digital Image by Angelo



Thirty Days

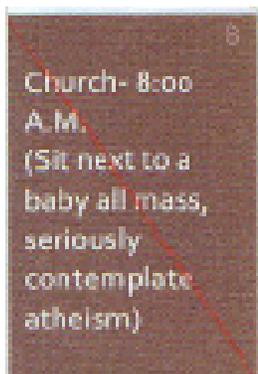
Short Story by C.J.



Digital Image by Michael

It has been a few weeks since I moved out of my parents' house and into my new apartment. So far, it's been hell. Everything just seems to be going wrong. The move-in itself was pretty stressful. When I moved in here I was so used to having some stuff done for me. It was kind of tough trying to remember every little detail that had usually been done for me.

Just after I moved in, I had a job interview (because I have bills to pay now). The interview didn't go like I planned (unfortunately this job sucks, but

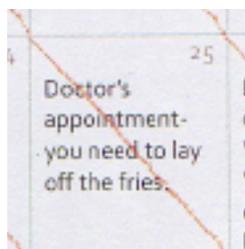


I need the money). At first, I thought I didn't get the job, but I got a call Sunday afternoon – it was after church where a baby had been crying the whole time.

I had the job interview Sunday and started

Monday.

Throughout the second week, I noticed that I just don't like people. There is this guy at work who I can't stand. What sucks the most is that he is lazy, incompetent and a complete jerk to everyone.



I wanted to do something about it, but I couldn't; the boss said if I were to do something, I would get fired.

Last Tuesday, I went to the doctor. I went in and sat in the waiting room for almost an hour and a half and the appointment itself took every bit of two extra hours. All he said was that I'm overweight. So, basically it took a medical professional two hours to call me fat – way to go on stating the obvious, Doc.

Last Thursday, the boss finally realized that

the guy at work is a complete pain. I walked in just as the fireworks started. It was a great show. I was laughing the whole time.

This weekend went really well. You know that feeling that everything is perfect for just once? Well, that was throughout the whole weekend. I had a blast Friday night. I went to the Bulls game, I got free tickets to the game from my buddy, and they won (of course). Afterwards, for a late dinner, we went to this pizza place where I got pepperoni. I ate a whole pizza to myself -- I've only done that a couple times.

On Saturday morning, I was lazy; perfect for me. I'm always recovering from the week. If you stay up late, you can sleep in. I took a walk to Navy Pier where I watched a 3-D movie. Actually, I had no idea that theater was there, it was pretty sweet. My buddy was in town from Texas. He moved there last year and I miss having him around, to be honest. It's always good when he comes back to visit. Except he talks with a southern drawl – which is very funny considering we're from the suburbs of Chicago. I guess he started to talk like the people around him. Once we're hanging out, he drops the accent. That night we played video games and ate Cheetos. We had a contest for who could eat the most Cheetos in two minutes. I won. We took a drive down the highway and blasted, "Immigrant Song." We stopped at 7-11 for slurpees.

The next morning, we had another contest for who could eat the most bacon in two minutes. Did I win this time? You don't know? Did I win last time? Yes. The rest of my Sunday was pretty good; a lazy Sunday afternoon. After I dropped my friend off at the train station, I pretty much just made myself a couch potato the rest of the day. Tomorrow? I just have this feeling, you know, that something is going to happen.

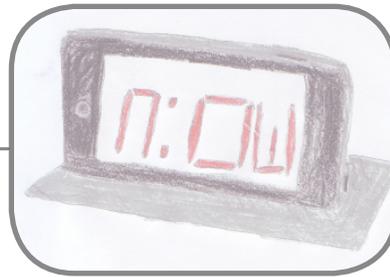


Orthogenique

yesterday



today



tomorrow



Lovely

Poem by Gabe

Hiding

weighted and wedged
in between
two
moss covered rocks.



I was not satisfied.

Nature gives wings
to my enemies from birth,
but not me.

Tweet...
Chirp-Chirp.....
Tweet...
Melodious calls
that make my skin
crawl.



One day
I finally knew
what I had to do,
and began to spin.

Now,
in my own incubation

chamber, I wait.
Shrouded,

not by the everlasting darkness, but

like the night to the new day.



It is Lonely



Mixed Media by Will

Unable to even see
the night sky
containing my gallery of stars;
away from what
I grew up with.
However, change
is worth the lonely wait.

When the time is right
the cocoon
will no longer
be necessary.
Subtle,
like when a leaf causes
ripples in a pond;
my cocoon shakes and expands
s l o w l y
as if moving to a ballad
and transitioning
to the final movement.

I will be free.

The scalding bright light
of our Helium creator
will be the first warmth of
new life.

My wings will spread open
with tattooed
eyes of deception,
fooling
all my enemies.

Flowing with the wind
while my wings
catch the rays.

Over a fire
of excited flowers
eager
to show the world
who
they really are.



I
will
fly.



tomorrow

Billy, in a space!

Childrens Story by Joel



Didgital Image by Jordyn

“Billy dear, don’t float too far ahead!”

I turn around and yell back “Geez Mom, don’t worry.”

She shouts, “You’re only six years old, wait up!”

Ignoring my mom’s directions, I continue to accelerate and speed down the halls of the space station. As I float by the windows, I look out and see all the stars and planets spinning outside in their majesty. As I glide past the last window, my helmet collides with the curve in hall.

“Geez that hurt!” I exclaim as my mom catches up to me.

She yells, “I told you to slow down! See what you get for not listening!”

While my head is still ringing I look up and see the oddest thing around the curve in the space station’s hall: it’s a boy who looks to be about my age, except he’s all green, he doesn’t seem to be wearing a helmet either and he has these two antennas on his head.

I quickly pick myself up and my mom, seemingly oblivious of the scary looking kid in the hall, grabs my arm and scolds me for floating too fast down the hall. By the time her rant is over, the other kid has left.

As we head back home to our space pod, I ask my mom if she saw the strange green kid.

“No, what did he look like?”

“Geez, I don’t know just kind of odd and stuff. He had green skin, big black eyes, and these two sticks on top of his head” as I gesture with my hands, trying to show what the sticks looked like.

She says, “Oh, he is just a alien. They live here on the space station with us.”

This confuses me as these alien things both look and sound scary! Why wouldn’t she care about them being here? Maybe they eat kids like me!

Worriedly I ask my mom, “Do these aliens... uhhh.... eat kids?”

My mom starts to break out in laughter and says, “No, no, no, they don’t eat kids. They are just like you and me but just look a little different. You should say ‘Hi’ to the kid you saw next time you see him. Maybe you guys will become friends.”

I personally don’t believe we will ever become friends, I mean he looks so scary and different. How could he be nice?

After arriving back home, Mom makes me dinner, and I hop into my zero gravity bed. Floating in bed thinking about the scary alien kid, I find it hard to sleep. After a few hours, I finally drift off to sleep.

I wake up as the lights in my room turn on. As I rub my eyes, I exclaim, “Geez Mom, how early is it?”

“Early enough for you to still get breakfast.” She shuts the door and goes to the kitchen to start making breakfast.

I get up, put on my space suit, and then float into the kitchen. I grab a can from the shelf and fill it with orange juice from the juice dispenser. My mom hands me a plate with muffins on it.

“Thanks Mom, I love muffins,” and I sit down and start to eat.

After I finish my breakfast, Mom says, “Why don’t we go for another walk today, Billy?”

I say, “Ok,” and after I put my dishes in the dishwasher, we head outside of our pod.

We start to casually float down a hallway in the space station, enjoying the wonderful sights outside the window.

As we round the next curve in the hall I see the alien kid I saw yesterday floating in the middle of the hall playing with a toy rocket ship.

This time I am not afraid of him and I float towards him and say, “Hi, I’m Billy. What’s your

name?"

He looks up, a bit surprised and answers, "My name is James. Nice to meet you." My mom starts to float over and says "Hi" to James.

Just then, one of the nearby pod doors opens and James's mom steps out of the door and says, "James time fo- oh hello there, what's your name?"

I respond saying, "I'm Billy, nice to meet you!"

My mom finishes floating over and says "Hi" to James's mom and they go inside the pod to talk.

James and I stay outside to play with his cool rocket toy. He is really nice and we float around talking and playing tag.

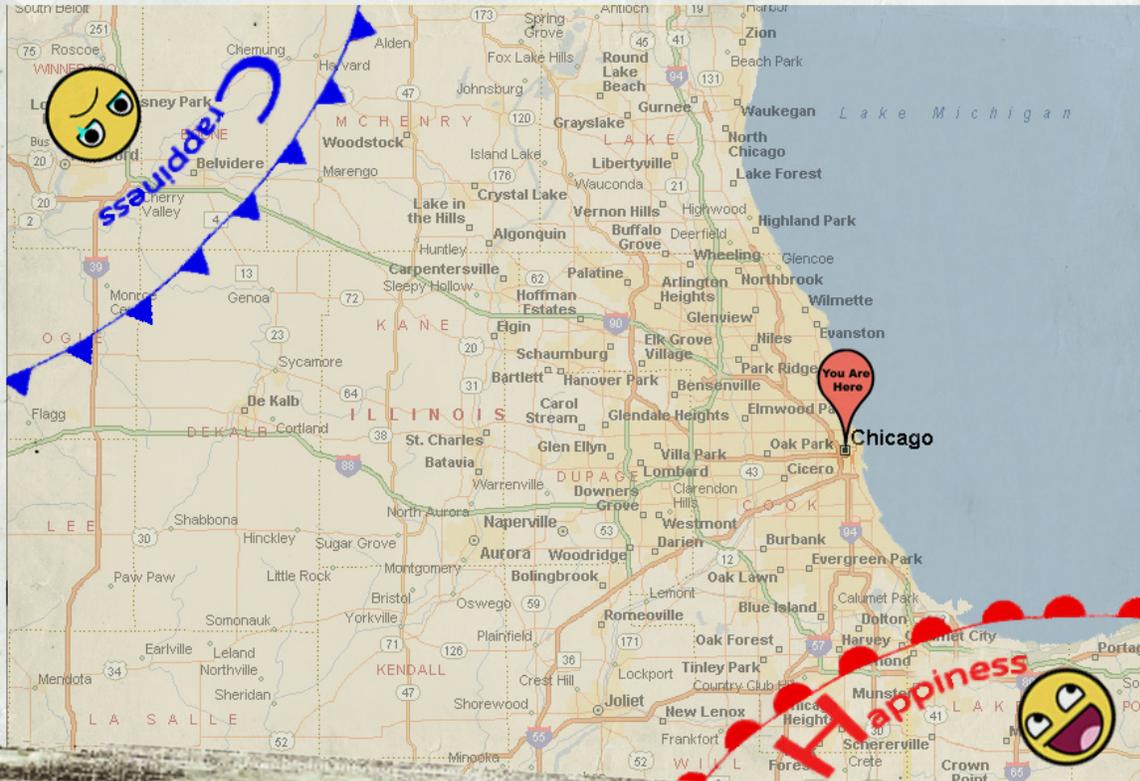
After a while we go inside and have lunch with my mom and James's family. After lunch, my mom and I say "Goodbye," and head back home.

On the way home I tell my mom, "Geez mom, I guess you were right. We did become friends. I also learned that just because things look scary or different, it doesn't mean they are bad."

"Good sweetie, I'm glad you made a new friend, and also learned an important lesson." As we arrive home, all I can think about is tomorrow when I will play with my new friend, James, the alien.



Digital Image by Joel



FORECAST



Digital Image by Joel

FORECAST

By Will

When March unexpectedly came in like a lamb, it surprised and delighted me just as much as everyone else in the northern United States. It was the type of surprise the university student would feel as if he had stumbled serendipitously upon the right answer, and the type of delight the elementary student would feel as she took off her jacket for the first time in months. With the O'School falling in between, I suppose it was most like finally being able to crank the windows a little higher every hour to let the warm breeze air out the cabin fever, prompting your dorm mates to say to their counselors, "Why don't we go outside to play softball?"

Well, Consider the Forecast of Tomorrow.

of us locals, being the reason the city was built upon colonial swamps in the first place. Yet, ironically, the same water could be considered the least so by many more. Chicago's coldest months are January and February. The thick snow is ubiquitous to Chicago thanks to the water vapor brought over by the cold Arctic air from the north and northeast. You can find it against shop windows and street corners, windshields and faces – icy or slushy, thick or frosty, black or white, and maybe even yellow. So in a city with winters so cold and dismal, obstacles that can be so tumultuous and difficult, and the sky above shrouded in a thick layer of hazy gray nimbostrati, what is there to look up to and hope for for this city's inhabitants?

Well, consider the forecast for tomorrow.

Although the lake effect brings long blizzards in December and January, the lake effect also is responsible for the mild-warm weather summers along the lake, and the March we have here. Since 1916, a time that preceded air conditioning, in which Navy Pier first opened, to the Taste of Chicago this coming July, the city has utilized the cool lakeside air to compliment the utility, festivity, and diversity found within Chicago and its famous coastline. The same vapor that rises from the Lakes also causes the air temperature to cool down the heat energy from the Sun, letting us enjoy the mild, breezy beach weather we experience today, for example.

Maybe that is the beauty of lake breeze...

I'm not quite sure how to put into perspective the type of effect that weather has upon people, especially younger people, especially in Chicago, but in a time where so many adolescent are depressed, are anxious, are angry, are hurt, are suicidal, are borderline, maybe this weather will bring to us a certain level of contentment. Maybe it will teach us something as well.

In the northern United States, the Great Lakes may be considered the greatest of the blessings by many

Maybe that is the beauty of lake breeze, and our fine city of Chicago. Maybe the warm weather we experience right now outweighs the horrible winters we have to go through. Maybe there are things everywhere that we can be grateful for no matter how dismal, how horrible, how shameful or violent our pasts. If not, maybe we can at least be grateful for being alive, and allowed the chance to find those things. Maybe we will find them, tomorrow.

Life, Underneath A Gazebo

A Poem by Michael

There was one night when my mom and I couldn't agree on anything,
when we started to raise our voices,
and after objects would leave my hands,
crashing into walls like bullets,
I'd leave Seven North behind for a temporary and solitary life
on a bench underneath a gazebo.

There was a downpour that only the Midwest could offer that night
and it must've known about my actions;
because it was as unforgiving as ever as I made my way to my new home.
The gazebo was a wooden reprieve from the downpour;
a wooden reprieve from everything outside of its entrance
that I welcomed by passing out on a bench underneath the gazebo.

I must've slept through the downpour;
and it must've left me to myself,
because when the rays of tomorrow clawed at my face,
there was only clear skies,
and a bright yellow ball in the middle of it all that let me know
that the worst of it had come to pass.

I must've agreed with the sun then;
because I found myself on the porch of Seven North telling her I loved her;
telling her that through all the Midwestern downpours;
there's an East Coast sunrise right around the corner.

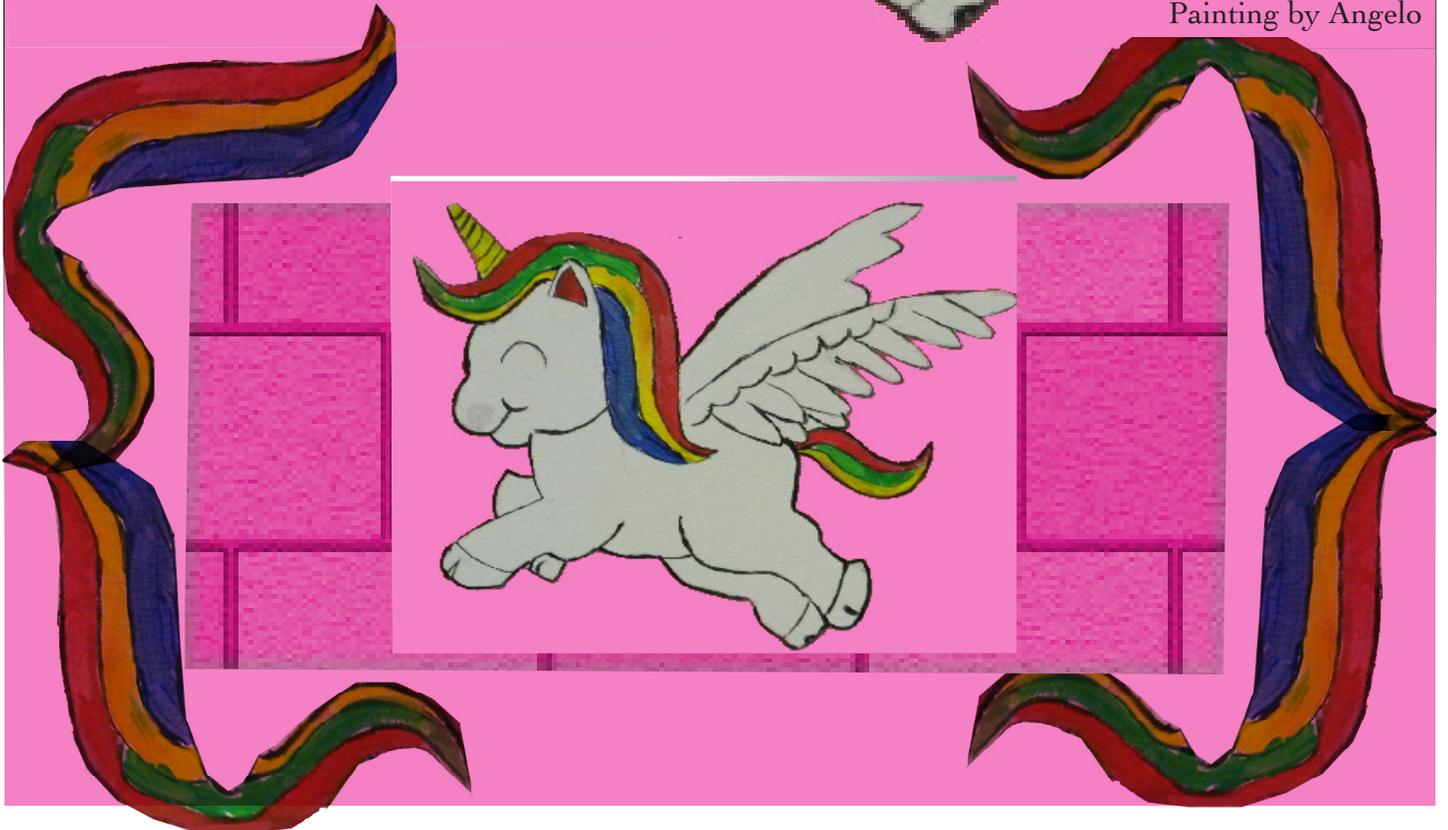


Colored Pencil Drawing By C.J.

“I’d left for a temporary and solitary life underneath a gazebo.”



Painting by Angelo



Bad Days

Poem by Jordyn

When I have bad days
And get all sad and depressed
When I get depressed
I cry and then become stubborn
I hear thunder and lightning
And it's really bright and loud
And I think of tomorrow
And think of another bad day
And how tomorrow will be worse than today
Bad days are like thunderstorms
They are dark and rainy
But at the end of a thunderstorm
Rainbows and unicorns come out
Rainbows are colorful
When good things happen I become happy
So when I think of tomorrow
I see a unicorn or a rainbow tomorrow
Think of unicorns for tomorrow
Because unicorns are amazing and awesome
Don't let bad days get you down
Let unicorns cheer you up for tomorrow
Because when you think it's far away
It's closer than you think



SPACE

Poem by C.J.



Mix Media by Michael

Looking back	Stars in the sky
Spaceman without a ship	Attached to nothing
Earth in background	Soundless, weightless

tomorrow

65

TOMORROW

Poem by Angelo



Drawing by Carson

Tomorrow is a day for hope
Ideas technology, and anticipation,
Most importantly technology
There will soon be advances in technology,

Eventually everything will be made of chrome,
Shiny smooth and silver colored.
Time travel would be possible,
I could go back in time and change all of my mistakes.
The machine would be a giant portal of black and white Swirls spinning around in the machine
Made from the past's energy
Who knows what that would do?
That's a huge wonder.

Years from now, McDonalds will be healthy,
And the food would taste like heaven.
Cause there will be a machine that takes out all the fat
The future should be awesome!

Colophon

The Spring 2012 edition of Orthogenique was produced at the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School in Chicago, Illinois. The magazine was thermal bound by the Orthogenic School. The covers are 1/2 inch linen tab covers from General Binding Corporation in Northbrook, IL. The content pages were printed by an HP color laserjet 6015dn on 32lb. Hammermill Color Laser Gloss with 90 brilliance. Sixteen fonts were used in the magazine. Cochin was used for all body text. While magazine staff chose fonts in keeping with style and content for titles and pull quotes. The following fonts were used for titles and pull quotes: Lucida Blackletter, Times, Rosewood STD, Brush Script MT, Lucida Handwriting, Zaphino, Blackwood STD and Stencil STD. Orthogenique is a full color magazine. Layout was created in Adobe InDesign CS3 on Apple MacBooks. Adobe Photoshop CS3 was used for image processing. All submissions were judged using standards agreed upon by the staff. All text submissions were typed using Microsoft Word on Dell PCs running on Windows XP, and MacBooks running on Mac OSX.

Policy

All of the students at the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School are invited to submit their literary and art work to Orthogenique.

The Orthogenic School is a small private school consisting of students who represent school districts throughout Illinois and California. The school has limited extracurricular activities or after school meeting times. As a result, Literary Magazine is offered as a for credit course in which the enrolled students alternate writing units in which they write in reference to a specific theme and art units in which they illustrate for a classmate's writing. All students then create spreads that incorporate their writing piece and the illustration completed for the piece.

Students not enrolled in the course are welcome to submit their work to the advisors at which time the staff of enrolled students will decide which pieces can and will be used based on the themes employed and the fundamental belief of the school that all student work is of value. The literary staff reserves the right to edit the body of the works for spelling, punctuation, and grammar.

Orthogenique has been published three times yearly since the summer of 2007. The publication is financed by departmental budgeting as well as subscriptions and donations. The ideas and beliefs expressed in the magazine do not represent those of the magazine staff, advisors, or the Orthogenic School. All rights are reserved to the individual artists, authors, and photographers.



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